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PEKIN AND CARACAS.

WILL COERCION IN VENEZUELA RUN THE COURSE OF INTERVENTION IN CHINA?

Are the operations of the allied forces in China to be repeated on a smaller scale in Venezuela? Is the campaign against Pekin to be followed by a campaign against Caracas?

With Italy hastening to make common cause with Great Britain and Germany in their designs on the Venezuelan treasury, and both the Berlin and London cabinets talking of further experiments in the line of "pacific coercion," the suspicion is naturally gaining ground that ere long these three strenuous creditor nations will want to shift the seat of their debt collection enterprise from the coast to the interior—from La Guaira to the Venezuelan capital.

Great Britain and Germany both seemingly disavow an intention to invade or occupy Venezuelan territory. Yet to the program of reckless violence to which they have already committed themselves a demonstration against Caracas would be the legitimate and natural sequel.

In seizing and sinking two of Venezuela's war vessels, and in bombarding Puerto Cabello, the two European powers showed as gross a disregard of our South American neighbor's status as a nation as did the allies two years ago in dismantling China's forts at the mouth of the Taku River. Those forts once silenced, the campaign against Tientsin and Pekin became a necessity.

Having with an equally contemptuous arrogance put a stain on Venezuela's national honor, can the allies now operating in the Caribbean hope to bring the Caracas government to terms without a corresponding resort to actual military invasion?

It is a mistaken and discreditable position into which Great Britain and Germany have blundered. The expedition to Pekin had a patriotic and humanitarian motive. It was an heroic effort on the part of the allied nations to rescue their own flesh and blood, imprisoned in the Chinese capital and doomed to death by famine or massacre.

An invasion of Venezuela could not be so palliated. Its only motive—the collection of certain overdue promises to pay—would be paltry and sordid. To force the liquidation of a few trifling debts it would pile up losses a thousand-fold greater. It would imperil the peace of three continents for the sake of enforcing a petty judgment in supplementary proceedings.

We do not think that Great Britain, Germany, and Italy will commit the folly of a military demonstration against Caracas. But the unwise and overhasty acts of the allied squadrons off La Guaira and Puerto Cabello have unhappily brought such a demonstration well within the range of possibilities.

INSANITY IN PRISONS.

OUR PENAL METHODS OFTEN AGGRAVATE CONDITIONS THEY ARE MEANT TO REMEDY.

A report read at a recent meeting of the Academy of Medicine in Paris, by Dr. Joffroy, a student of criminology, certifies that 36 per cent of the convicts in French penal colonies go insane. If this is true, it is not very creditable to France.

Yet America is not entirely free of suspicion in this matter. We have some prisons which are almost luxurious in comparison with the old-time institutions for the punishment of criminals; and we have others which are very much the reverse. The fact is, civilized society is now in a process of transition from the mode of thought in which the criminal was a subject for punishment, to that in which his punishment is an incident and the welfare of the community the chief end.

There is no use being sentimental in considering a problem of this kind, and it should be remembered that sentiment can be just as crazy on the side of severity as on that of leniency. The criminal must be treated so as to insure so far as possible the safety of other people. He must not be so treated that his punishment will increase crime instead of diminishing it.

History shows that severe punishments have little or no effect upon crime. There is no evidence that crime was less prevalent in England in the days when men were hanged for stealing sheep than it is now. Manifestly, also, a method of punishment which makes a criminal lunatic out of a sane criminal is not a good thing, especially if the lunatic is allowed to go free.

Unfortunately, some of our prison methods tend toward precisely this result. Instead of putting the prisoner under a regime which will so far as practicable bring him around to a normal habit of thought and action, they place him under conditions wholly unnatural, with nothing to think about but his past life, and if he be an experienced malefactor, he usually employs his time planning projects injurious to the public. He does not waste his time while he is in confinement. He uses it just as any other business-like person would. As for the inexperienced criminal, he is more than apt to learn of his elders.

If prisoners are prevented from employing their brains at all, they experience the same evil which the ordinary person would, intensified by their abnormality of constitution and mode of life—they go insane. A good aphorism to quote in connection with cases of moral disease and their treatment is the remark of the backwoodsman in that old novel, "Seven-oaks." He had been inspecting a maledorous insane asylum of the old-fashioned kind, and his comment was:

"How d'ye expect a sick feller to git well if ye put him in a place where a well feller'd git sick?"

A DISFRANCHISED CITY'S COMPLAINT.

Washington's Aspirations for Political Representation as They Strike the "Philadelphia Press."

(Editorial in Philadelphia Press.)

Senator Gallinger's proposed amendment to the Constitution to give the people of the District of Columbia the right to vote for a member of Congress and for President aims to meet a strong feeling in Washington against being ignored entirely in the choice of the Government.

It is not desired by the people of that city to restore local self-government, as it existed under "Boss" Shepherd. They are well enough satisfied with their government as it now exists. But they feel, and not without reason, that they should be permitted to vote for the choice of a President and for a Representative in Congress.

The feeling against the government of the city, when it was conducted under a mayor, was so strong that the relief afforded by the change to the present system left the people little inclined to find any fault. In recent years, how-

ever, there has been a growing disposition to complain of their disfranchisement. There are several thousands of permanent residents in the employ of the Government who claim voting residences in their respective States, and who go home to vote, but the remainder of the people living in the District have no voice in the choice of their local rulers or of the President and of other officials. They are taxed without representation.

Congress might pass a proposed amendment to permit the people of the city to elect a delegate to Congress, the same as the Territories now do, and to vote for President. Nothing would be lost, probably, if there is no legislation on the subject. But the feeling that exists against total disfranchisement is not without some justification. The probability, however, of the necessary number of States agreeing to the proposed amendment to the Constitution is not strong.

THE JEWISH RACE'S FUTURE—Assimilation Not Nationalization.

By the Rev. JOSEPH SILVERMAN, of the Temple Emanu-El.

WITH the destruction of Jerusalem was destroyed also the Jewish nation. We are no longer a peculiar people, save in our religion. Politically and socially, we are but a part of that nation in whose country we have for the time being made our home.

In Germany, we are Germans; in France, Frenchmen; in England, Englishmen, and in America, Americans. This is the logical trend of events; the natural outcome of the forces that make for advancement. To be forever harking back to former times and former circumstances is but the acknowledgment of weakness and of decay. If we cannot form integral parts of other nations we shall certainly never be able to form a nation of our own in its entirety.

The past is closed. The future is before us, prefaced by a glorious present, if we will but make the most of it. But to do this radical changes must be made in our habits of thought as well as in our habits of living.

And the first necessary step is the breaking away from the hidebound customs that are throttling our very life energy.

The orthodox Jew is still in exile, still wandering in search of that new Jerusalem he foolishly expects to find in Palestine—forgetting that it is simply as a religionist that he is separated from the world, and not as a member of a political state.

The self-imposed barriers of our people must be broken

down in New York city if we would grow and live and aid this fair country of which we are a part.

Go down into the Ghetto (and how I hate the word) and note the tenacity with which our people cling to every form and outward observance of their race—forms and observances, by the way, instituted not by their lawgiver, Moses, but that have been added to and elaborated from time to time by the Rabbis themselves—forms and observances that tend to retard its progress in the same ratio as they tend to isolate the people observing them.

Take the very language used in the Ghetto—a worse jargon than the famous "pigeon English" used in China; a jargon made up of Hebrew and German and English words, thrown together in the loosest, most incoherent manner, and said by those who make use of them to be necessary for the preservation of the race!

Nonsense! Have them tear down their shops their polyglot signs, and root out of their hearts this love of the deformed, and teach their children the language and the manners of their associates.

As in speech, so in dress. Let them drop the long-tailed gaberdine and robe themselves in the clothes of the people about them; throw aside the vain customs of the olden time and take on those of the young nation with which they have cast their lot. Let them in all things let go the old and seize upon the new, and thus advance along the lines laid down by civilization and culture and right living.

In the Public Eye.

The serious illness of the Countess of Dudley, wife of the Viceroy of Ireland, has created much concern, especially in Ireland. She has visited many of the poor people and has given much pleasure by singing for them in their cottages and in the schools.

There is more than one way of paying a compliment, and some people are more expert at it than an Egyptian officer who was, once upon a time, charged with the escort of the Duchess of Connaught, sister-in-law to King Edward. She went with the duke to an inspection of troops outside Oudunmar, and owing to an accident to her saddle, which made it impossible for her to come home on horseback, a gun carriage was made into a sort of sedan chair, in which she was carried back by Egyptian gunners. At the end of the journey she thanked the gunners, and said to the officer, "I hope your men are not tired after conveying me." The gunner doubtless intended to be polite, but this is what he said: "Indeed, no, madam; you are no heavier than the gun they are accustomed to carry."

Harry De Windt the Arctic explorer, tells a curious tale of a Russian millionaire by whom he was entertained

in Irkutsk. Luxurious rooms were placed at the disposal of Mr. De Windt and his party, but their host took his repose upon three chairs placed side by side, and did not trouble himself to undress.

Ferdinand Homar, the sculptor of the Rochambeau statue, is deaf and dumb; and so is Douglas Tilden, the California sculptor.

"POOR LOVE!" SAID LIFE.

"Poor Love!" said Life, "that hast not gold. Nor lands, nor other store, I ween; Thy very shelter from the cold Is oft but lowly built and mean." "Nay: though of rushes be my bed, Yet I am rich," Love said.

"But," argued Life, "thrice fond art thou To yield the sovereign gifts of Earth—The victor sword, the laureled brow—For visioned things of little worth!" Love gazed afar with dream-lit eyes, And answered, "Nay! but wise."

"Yet, Love," said Life, "what can atone For all the travail of thy years—The yearnings vain, the vigils lone, The pain, the sacrifice, the tears?" Soft as the breath breathed from a rose, The answer came: "Love knows." —Florence Earle Coates, in Harper's Magazine.

IN THE COURTS AND CAPITALS OF THE OLD WORLD

King Edward May Revert to Queen Victoria's Manner of Holding Drawing Rooms—Much Dissatisfaction Occasioned by His Levees at Night—Son of Austrian Archduke Prospers as a Waiter—Danish Aristocracy Gradually Becoming Extinct.

King Edward will probably revert in the coming year to his mother's method of holding drawing rooms, as the courts of last season were a distinct failure, and were a source of pronounced dissatisfaction on the part of those for whose benefit they were intended.

On ascending the throne King Edward found that there were something like 19,000 names on the court list—that is to say, of people who had been presented at court. Of course, when he decided to hold evening courts instead of drawing rooms and intimated that only those could attend who had received invitations, everybody wanted to be asked, and clamored for cards. To satisfy them all was quite out of the question. Even by holding a succession of courts, it would have been impossible to invite 50 per cent of that number during the course of a season, and the consequence was that the moiety, who were put off with promises that they would receive invitations the following year, felt intensely bitter, and considered themselves victims of unjust discrimination.

Then it was discovered that it would entail too much fatigue on the King and Queen to have all those invited pass before them; only the debutantes and the ladies presenting them were allowed to do so, as well as the people having what is known as the "entree"; that is to say, the diplomatic corps and great dignitaries of the government and of the court. The rank and file of the guests were penned up in side rooms and corridors, and all they saw of the King and Queen was a view of the latter as they passed through the rooms in procession to and from supper.

Of course the King and Queen could see and greet nobody excepting those in the front rank on either side of this human lane, and there were all sorts of contretemps, lots of people being ignored who should have been recognized, the Duke of Somerset, indeed, whose wife is the premier peeress of the realm, openly complaining of the manner in which she and he had been overlooked in this fashion.

At the drawing rooms during the late reign every woman who was able to make her curtsy to the sovereign, or to the latter's representative, had, so to speak, the stage to herself for a brief moment, a privilege she thoroughly enjoyed, looking her very best, and if at all personally acquainted with any member of the royal party, was greeted with a kindly nod or a handshake. This led each woman who attended the drawing room to go away satisfied, and as there was no idea of restricting the numbers, or allowing people to come only by invitation, which implied royal favor and predilection, there was no rush to attend the drawing rooms, many women of rank

and fashion being content with attending one drawing room in three years.

The result of all this is that the next season is likely to witness a return to the old-fashioned drawing rooms, which will probably be held as formerly in the afternoon, partly by the Queen, but chiefly by the Princess of Wales, for purposes of presentation only. The King and Queen will probably have evening courts of a much more restricted, but likewise of a more brilliant, character, to which invitations will be sparingly issued, it being thoroughly understood that the courts are more especially for the dignitaries thereof, for the great officials of state, some of the leading nobles, the foreign diplomatic corps and a few intimate personal friends of the King and Queen.

There will likewise be some state concerts and state balls next season—there were none last season—for which a large number of invitations will be issued. But as I have said the afternoon drawing rooms for presentations will be revived, and will continue like the levees for presentation of men—the presentations being taken, as a general rule, by the Prince of Wales acting in behalf of his father, the King.

So many Americans go abroad nowadays, and go to court in England, that these indications of the court arrangements for the forthcoming season are likely to prove of interest.

Ernest Walburg, the alleged son of the late Archduke Ernest of Austria, and the claimant of the latter's fortune, who for some time past has been acting as headwaiter in a cafe at Budapest, has done so well as such that he has now been able to start a restaurant of his own in the Hungarian capital, which he has entitled the "Zum Hapsburger" in order to indicate his relationship to the reigning family. There does not seem to be any doubt but that he is a natural son of the old archduke, but so far he has signally failed to prove that either he or his sisters were the offspring of any legitimate union, and as related in these letters a man was sentenced some time ago to a term of imprisonment at Vienna for having forged a bogus marriage certificate, according to his own confession, which represented that the archduke had been ecclesiastically married to a Madame Walburg in 1853 at Laibach.

Denmark is admittedly one of the most democratic or European monarchies. It is, therefore, a somewhat singular coincidence that its nobility should be gradually disappearing, partly through the extinction of families and partly through expatriation, partly also, perhaps, through absorption by the bourgeoisie. During the last ten years no less than eighteen of the most ancient and illustrious houses of the aristocracy have become entirely extinct,

Unconsidered Trifles

Grounds for Complaint.

"All these poor folks haven't any reason to complain. Their boys have the right to grow up and be President."

"Yes, in the abstract. But a boy that will swap rubber boots and a sled in the concrete for the right to be President in the abstract isn't a real boy; he's a chump."

Christmas News.

The good or bad results of a toy train will depend on whether Santa Claus is let in on the ground floor or frozen out on the roof.

A Forced Fashion.

"Patches are coming in again." "Well, they're better than the holes." "Not that kind of patch. The little bits of black cotton-plaster that our grandmothers wore on the face. I just saw a girl decorated that way." "That wasn't patches. That was soft coal smut."

Two Different Cases.

"George Fred Williams says that Reed was a failure because he said what he thought." "Maybe, but George Fred is a failure because he says without any thoughts, and of the two I prefer Reed's kind."

Fowler's Bill Dies.

When the hour of adjournment shall have arrived on March 4, and the Fifty-seventh Congress shall have passed into history, the much-talked-of Fowler currency bill, the formula by which its author had intended to cure all the financial ills of the country, will be found peacefully reposing in a sepulchral pigeon hole in the House Committee on Banking and Currency. Out of a feeling for the measure which is almost humanitarian, its friends and supporters have decided to place it out of existence by the chloroform method rather than to submit to having it kicked to death in the house of its enemies. So the drug has been administered and the bill is dead. Deep is the grief of its parent, the Hon. Charles N. Fowler, who had planned for this, his pet measure, a long life of usefulness and of joy to the great financiers of the country. Some obscure, hard-headed Congressmen have been unable to appreciate all the beauties of branch banking, asset currency, the retirement of the greenbacks, and the other elaborate features of the measure, and have declined to assist in writing it upon the statute books.

Bankers Refused Indorsement.

Even when Mr. Fowler took it into its own receipt it not, for despite his exhaustive explanation and his efforts to obtain for the bill the indorsement of the recent convention of bankers in New Orleans, that body declined to give the bill its approval. Disheartened, but not entirely discouraged, Mr. Fowler returned to Washington with his compendium of financial ideas that he has sought to enact into law. Recently it became patent even to Mr. Fowler that the short session of Congress was no time to undertake to give a course of instruction upon the elements of finance to his Congress colleagues, and so he has reluctantly decided to abandon the bill.

He had arranged to have the matter discussed in a friendly caucus of the Republican brethren, but it became evident that even a caucus would not treat the measure kindly, whereupon Mr. Fowler gave up and consented to have the measure administered. Thus dies the Fowler currency bill, with its complexity of ideas, and to take its place there is to be born a bill containing but a single proposition, namely, asset currency. Such a measure Mr. Fowler will report to the House.

Connell Will Contest.

The Hon. William Connell, formerly of Cape Breton, N. S., now of Scranton, Pa., is one of those statesmen whose desire to serve his country in public office will lead him to make an effort to reach the Fifty-eighth Congress via the contest route. It is needless to say that Mr. Connell, for three terms a member of the House, was defeated at the election last month, or at least the other fellow, George Howell by name, obtained a majority of the votes cast in Lackawanna county. Especially aggravating and humiliating is the defeat of Mr. Connell in view of the fact that he received the nomination and indorsement of both the regular Republican and Democratic conventions in the Scranton district.

This is the story: The anthracite coal strike began at about the time Mr. Connell commenced to lay his plans for the campaign which he expected would return him to Congress. In looking over the situation Mr. Connell discovered that he, as well as the Hon. Charles Henry Grosvenor, might be troubled with a few thousand angry miners, and that it would be well to corral all of the nominations in sight. Now, Mr. Connell is a wealthy citizen and a prominent churchman, and this task was not especially difficult. The Republicans selected him by acclamation; then came the Democratic convention, and it, after a lively scene, named him as its candidate.

A Plurality of Nominations.

The road to Congress then seemed unobstructed, but at the end of the campaign Mr. Connell found, as did a

Statesmen and Their Ways.

certain distinguished citizen of Lincoln, Neb., upon two occasions, that the man with a plurality of nominations does not always get a majority of the votes on election day. So it was with the Hon. William Connell. A remnant of Democrats assembled and named the Hon. George Howell as their candidate, but found that the courts would not permit them to place his name under the Democratic emblem upon the official ballot, as the nomination of the regular convention had gone to Mr. Connell, whose name appeared under the Republican insignia. But the name of George Howell did go upon the official ballot under the head of "Anti-Machine."

When the ballots were counted it was found that the Hon. George Howell had received votes more to the number of 462 than did the Hon. William Connell. Now it has been discovered that certain of the old-line Democrats who vote the ticket without question placed their mark over the vacant column, having overlooked the fact that it contained the name of no candidate, but having been satisfied that notwithstanding it was the proper one because it bore the stamp of Democracy. These ballots were counted for Mr. Howell, and Mr. Connell hopes to find that there were at least 463 of them, so that they may be thrown out on a contest before the House. Mr. Connell expects to be seated, as he has friends in the House and his party is in power. The moral of which tale is that it matters not what the witnesses say if the court is with you.

Odell and Cuneen.

There are evidences already apparent that the Hon. Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., and the Hon. John Cuneen, governor-elect and attorney general-elect, respectively, of New York, are not going to pull well together in the tandem harness which the voters of that State have fixed up for them. Governor Odell is a Republican, while Mr. Cuneen is an advocate of the cause of Democracy, and in the administration of the affairs of the State for the next two years there is likely to be many matters upon which they will not hold parallel opinions. Mr. Cuneen happens to be the only Democrat on the State ticket last month fortunate enough to be elected and his success was brought about by a somewhat singular condition of affairs.

The Republican ticket, with Governor Odell at its head, skated close to the edge of defeat, escaping by only a few thousand out of a million and a quarter of votes. But Mr. Cuneen was fortunate enough to have a few thousand votes in another column, which added to those he received on the Democratic ticket insured his election. The Prohibitionists of New York, in convention assembled, looked over the various candidates of the other parties and decided that the Hon. John Cuneen was sufficient of a cold water advocate to receive their indorsement, and they chose him as their candidate for attorney general, and cast for him some fifteen thousand votes.

Prohibition Votes Counted.

These turned the balance in Mr. Cuneen's favor, while all the other Democrats went down to defeat, an evidence of the fact that the Prohibition vote sometimes counts for something. As attorney general Mr. Cuneen should be the law adviser of the Governor, but Governor Odell does not desire the advice of a Democrat, and while he will be obliged to permit Mr. Cuneen to conduct his department he proposes to have a law adviser of his own. This he will do by asking the Legislature to make an appropriation for special counsel.

Thus it will be that while the people of the State provide and pay an attorney general, they will be obliged, in order to please Governor Odell, to go to the expense of hiring another man. But then this plan has one advantage—it will give some ambitious lawyer-politician a job, and he may be the defeated candidate for attorney general.

TO BREAK THE "HOODOO."

Optimists are wont to boast that superstition is impossible in these enlightened days, and especially in so progressive and practical a country as this. Their claims do not seem to be borne out by the remarkable little incident thus chronicled in the "Philadelphia North American" recently:

Samuel Lewis, a farm hand employed near Trenton, N. J., sought refuge in the McKinley hospital here today from the hoodoo which he said has pursued him since August 17—when he killed a black cat. Since that time he has suffered nine injuries, including the fracturing of a leg and an arm, the dislocation of two fingers and a knee, and the mauling of a foot. He has announced his determination to remain in the hospital until the hoodoo spell has passed.

CALLED "TIME!" FOR THEM.

Senator Stewart of Nevada presents a dignified figure in the Senate Chamber, but you can't always judge by appearances. It is apparent from the following story in the "Philadelphia Press" that he is capable of a jest even while looking his solemnest:

Yesterday afternoon, when the fight on the Statehood bill was commencing in the Senate, Senator Beveridge, the leader of the opposition to the omnibus bill, walked over to Senator Quay's seat and held out his hand to the senator from the Keystone State.

Senator Quay arose and shook the hand cordially. "Time!" muttered Senator Stewart of Nevada, in one of his laconic profound asides, and everybody laughed.

WHERE THEY GOT TOGETHER.

There is almost invariably a common meeting ground upon which the most inveterate disputants may get together if only they are patient in the search for a base of harmony. The following story from the "Philadelphia Press" makes this truth delightfully plain:

It is well known that Senator McComas and Congressman Muldoon of Maryland do not pull together on parade. Mr. Muldoon started some of his newspaper friends this morning by saying that he had placed two of his constituents in prominent positions in Washington, and that Senator McComas had concurred heartily. There was instant desire to know who the fortunate Marylanders were whom the Senator and Representative both favored.

"They are Charles Carroll of Carrollton and John Hanson," said Mr. Muldoon, "and they have been placed in good positions out in Statuary Hall."

TOO EASILY DISCOURAGED.

If Fred Eddie, farm hand, had possessed the true American spirit, he would have been led to increased exertion, not to an attempt at suicide, by the scorn of the girls of his neighborhood, which led to the story told by the "Philadelphia North American" as follows:

Despondent because the young women of the neighborhood would not associate with him, Fred Eddie, employed on a farm near Red Bank, N. J., gashed his throat with a rusty knife yesterday. Eddie was arrested and sent to the county jail at Freehold. When asked by the court why he had tried to kill himself, Eddie said the girls had looked down on him because he was only a farm hand. Eddie came from New York and is said to be well connected.

"BROTHER ACT" IN DIVORCE.

It would seem that Alva C. and Alvina A. Buckles, of Urbana, Ohio, are rather breaking the record for the "brother act," judging from a story which the "New York World" tells as follows:

A unique case of divorce has been brought at Urbana by the Buckles brothers, Alva C. and Alvina A. They live in the same township, and both were married seven years ago, only four days intervening between their weddings. They married sisters, and after two years of married life both wives ran away and their whereabouts is unknown. The two brothers engaged the same attorneys, and both petitions charge the defendants with being guilty of gross neglect of duty and with wilful absence.

GHOST STORY FOR CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is always a good season for the telling of ghost stories, and the following early contribution from the "New York World" will be found appropriately ghoulish and shivery:

Clad only in his undergarments, Benjamin Carter, colored, employed as a trackwalker by the North Hudson County Railway Company, dashed into the Oakland Avenue police station, Jersey City, at 4 a. m. yesterday. He was half frozen and his teeth were chattering from cold and fright. He said he had got drunk the night before and gone to the Jersey City Cemetery, where he undressed and went to sleep in a vault he found open. He awoke, he said, and he was aroused by ghosts, which drove him out. He was put in a cell to get warm and at daylight an officer was sent to the cemetery. All the vaults were found closed and locked and no trace of Carter's missing garments could be discovered. He stuck to his story for all that. The police gave him some old clothes and sent him home.

MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.